# NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment.----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VIII.---NO. 15. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1847. WHOLE NUMBER 379.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THE AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY. At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

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☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relative to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.


## Pro-Slavery.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer.

### DOUGLASS, GARRISON, AND S. S. FOSTER ON THE "UNION."

This brotherhood of literal "*black* spirits and *white*," are now at Munson, Geauga county.—They commenced their meetings Sunday, we understand.

The Kreemer seems to be the favourite stumping ground of the fanatical disunionists of the East.—When their own people at home have become so sick of their eternal din that they will not turn out to hear them at all, though they pretend to think a crisis is at hand, and they insure their hand-bills, and call their Conventions with a great blaster, then they come out here. And here they are sure to gather a crowd to listen to their ravings.

At Munson they have a tent spread for the crowd. It was calculated to hold between two and three thousand people. But the crowd collected to the number, it is said, of five thousand—of course the tent could not hold them.

And what is this vast gathering of the people to accomplish? With the great mass, it is undoubtedly their aim to gratify a mere curiosity. They want to hear the black Douglass, whose career of triumphant receptions, on the part of the nobility of Old England, is known to all. They want too, to see William Lloyd Garrison—the great glorified of the late Abby Kelley.

Washington said, in his farewell address to the American people of his day, of our day, and of the future, "*From* upon the least dawning of any attempt to divide the Union." But these abolition disclaimers who are going about the country, *all* they aim at is to destroy the Union. They know, too, that such as they, are clearly, pointedly, and repeatedly, condemned by the Father of his country, and that it is upon such as these efforts that he invokes a frown. Therefore it is, that they do not fail to slander and vilify even him, in the language of positive shame-facedness, that would not disgrace "a tongue set on fire of hell." We have just seen a truehearted Democrat of old Georgia, who associates the memory of the great and good Washington, and who loves the Union as he loves his country. He heard these same speakers in the Tent day, and heard them through. He says they all declared openly that the Union must be dissolved, and the General Government destroyed.

Douglass began. He opened the talk. A cool, calm speaker—in whose person there was no concealment—he brooded "like the black storm-cloud over the ocean," upon the issue. He claimed not to be the mere creature of hope—a despondent with no confidence that his aim could be accomplished. He talked like one who felt that it must be—like one who knew that he should see the Union in fragments, and no Government of the United States.

Douglass was a slave. A man of decided native genius—altogether superior in mind to his master—he awakened that master's envy, and suffered for only a short while, the effects of such a meaner mood. And this it is, that has soured him. For he then lived under the protection of that Union, and precious protection it was. Why, then, should he love it: why should he not hate it? There would seem to be some excuse for his doing the latter:—and he does hate it supremely!

That hate seems to be his inspiration. Under its influence he pours forth a perfect torrent of declamatory denunciation; every word of which is full as spiteful, and which every one of them sends an electric thrill coursing through the veins of the mass of astonished hearers.

But Douglass is wrong. His union and fellowship with S. S. Foster is evidence enough of that. Did Douglass seek to convince the freemen of the United States of the wrong done to the slave, and, if so sanctioned, permitted by the Government, he might do the slave some good. It is the American freeman's love of the right, and abhorrence of the wrong, that will then be righted, and the Constitution and Union, and General Government, will be the effectual means by which to accomplish it. All work with them and by them, and something may be done. But destroy them—introduce anarchy among the States—and there is nothing for a man like Foster to do for the slave. He is then powerless for good. The free States and the slave States separate, all power over the slave's happiness and rights will be held alone by his master—his owner—uncontrolled in the laws by the popular sentiment of the North, which is, and must ever be, Anti-Slavery, and which as long as the North and South are one, must ever tend to the spread of freedom, and the securing of a still wider liberty among mankind.

Now the influence that the North exerts in favour of freedom is a rightful influence—we are only seeking to do what we will with our own: but the Union dissolved, and we are foreigners—have no more meddlers in what does not concern us. Our influence that now is powerful to good, if we will it, will be then a foreign influence—a hostile influence—and such guaranteed power, and powerless.

Garrison followed Douglass, and spoke with his usual ability and extravagance.

Then came S. S. Foster. As a matter of course, he made a stir. He commenced on the "Liberty party,"—pronounced it the "meanest" of all the these parties. But that kind of talk is old story to those who have heard him. For he never fails to abuse those the hardest that hold the nearest to his creed, and yet do n't exactly agree with him.—For such he seems to think his imputation none too good! *They* are fools, knaves.

With speaking of the slaveholder, he seems to utterly exhaust the vocabulary of abuse: but turn him to the subject of the Liberty party—let him tell his history, and you are astonished to find that though the former—all without exception, that we now hold, or ever held, slaves, are nothing else than man-stealers—murderers—adulterers—criminals, all of the deepest dye; yet the latter, they are worse still—they are very "imps of darkness."

Foster undertook to carry a point or two with the crowd. He was anxious for a favourable expression upon their scheme of dissolution. He asked first the Liberty party whether they would lift up their hands against a dissolution of the Union. They answered not a word: so much for their past professions on the subject. Evidently they were staggered at the ease with which Douglass and Garrison had pointed out how these parties invariably tended to that end, and knew not what to say.

He then turned to the Locofocos, as he called them. This time he got an answer. An old farmer of Geauga spoke out at once, saying "of course he would." Foster commenced immediately abusing him and the Locofoco party. He forgot what he had just been saying about the Liberty party. It was the Locofocos that were now the meanest of all. There was no decency among them. They were contemptibly *poor*—the great mass of them, said he, do'n own a shirt to their back. The last was Foster, "a true type of the litleness of S. S. Foster, and of his party." Said the crowd all Did you get it out here?" Did Abby make it?"—Did you buy the cloth?"—Where did you get your money to pay for it with?" "From some contribution, was n't it?"

Foster was shut up bad that day. Most unfortunate for him was it that his "home" was in Massachusetts, nursing her first-born child. When he was asked by him, he always retreated under cover of her nullery and abuse, and seemed to come off pretty well.

Whether this meeting is but the commencement of a campaign throughout the Reserve, we have yet to learn. *Nous Verrons.*

The Suffolk (Huntington) Democrat may reserve its wrath for the next "emissary." Mr. Barleigh is not going to Europe.

### ABOLITIONISM AND TREASON.

The following is taken from an English paper of the 29th of last June:

Another Visitor from America.—We are happy to learn that Mr. Charles C. Burleigh, one of the most distinguished anti-slavery orators in the United States, is expected to arrive in this country next Fall, for the purpose of spending a few months here in representing and enforcing the views of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which body Mr. Garrison is President. A correspondent says, that Mr. Burleigh is the most powerful anti-slavery speaker, if we except Frederick Douglass, which the United States have raised.

It is not to be wondered at that English authors abuse us and our institutions when we tolerate in our midst a society that periodically sends to England either a black or a white agent to slander and misrepresent both. The negro Douglass after being *feted* and caressed by both sexes of the English aristocracy, came back here to give utterance to the vilest denunciations of our Government and people; and the "American Anti-Slavery Society, of which Mr. Garrison is President," took him under its fostering care to reiterate the Anti-Slavery Societies, of which body Mr. Garrison is President. A correspondent says, that Mr. Burleigh is the most powerful anti-slavery speaker, if we except Frederick Douglass, which the United States have raised.

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From the New London (Conn.) Morning News.

### PERFUME OF A BAD QUALITY.

Mr. Lloyd Garrison and his sable coadjutor and *companion*, *Douglass*, on a voyage, Frederick Douglass, being on an Anti-Slavery tour to the North West, were outrageously treated at one of their meetings at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a short time since; and the *black-skinned* negro character was the catastrophe in one of the abolition papers. The mob pelted both pettipatetics with fire-crackers, and blew them up with other miscellaneous pyrotechny, misdirected, "threw out the negro," and in divers other forms evilly entreated them. Douglass, however, seems to dwell with more than ordinary and unsavory gusto upon much in vogue among gentlemen in the habit of administering punishment under the Code Lynch:—The scoundrelly negro character as Mr. Douglass and his companion, but the chronicler says they were "unmerchantable eggs," that emitted an effluvia when broken, "not at all agreeable to every inerne;" one of which missiles struck brother Garrison "on the back, sprinkling its essence all over his honoured head."

When certain sons of Belial besprinkled the venerable beard of Sir Hudibras with some of the same sort of incense it cut of his rascally, calmly observing, "*Quoth he, the fragrancy of these lees he who chewed this egg, had a foul breath,*" and Douglass must have had a foul breath upon the matter pretty much in the same light. They were "unmerchantable eggs!" From which circumstances, we are forced to infer, that the inferred that the offensive ammunition used on the occasion was what is sometimes called "*rotten eggs*," the perfume of which is not pleasant to some people of fastidious olfactories.

However, the outrage was a wanton and totally unjustifiable one, and we should have felt no disposition to treat it lightly, if Douglass had not himself undertaken to be facetious on the occasion. If *he* laughs at it, we suppose other people may do so.

From the Pennsylvanian

### LETTER FROM MR. BUCHANAN ON THE WILMOT PROVISO.

Washington, 25th August, 1847.

Gentlemen:—I have been honoured by the receipt of your kind invitation to unite with the Democracy of Old Berks in their Harvest Home Celebration, to be held at Reading, on Saturday the 28th instant.—I should esteem it both a pleasure and a privilege to be present on that interesting occasion: it is, therefore, with regret I have to inform you, that the pressure of public business at this period will render this impossible.

I rejoice to observe that the glorious Democracy of "Old Berks" are buckling on their armour, and preparing for the approaching contest. It is long since any State election has involved such important consequences to the Democracy of the Union as the approaching election for Governor of Pennsylvania.—On its result may probably depend the ascendancy of the Democracy of the Union for years to come.—Hence, our Democratic brethren of other States are witnessing the contest with intense anxiety. The field is a fair one; our candidate is well-tried, able, and honest; and he has been regularly nominated by the party. Should he be defeated, the attempt will be vain to explain the decision of the ballot-boxes in any other manner than by admitting that the Whigs have the majority. Our candidate for Canal Commissioner is, also, above all reproach, both personally and politically, and is eminently qualified for the ably and politically, and is eminently qualified for the ably and politically, and is eminently qualified for the ably

ahead, even if it require hard work and rough fare, and no gentle usage, ere we reach the promised land—our Pisgah height—from which we shall see the clear sunshine, and feel the freshening breeze, which are to warm, gladden, invigorate, and stir us up with all the quickening pulses of a new and full vitality.

## Communications.

Letter from Dr. Hudson.

FRANKLIN, August 28, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND GAY:—Doubtless you will be glad to know something of the spirit abroad among the hills and valleys of Caithsill, in Greene and Delaware counties.—If it were possible to give a cheering report, I would most joyfully do so. Nothing would more inspire and enlarge my soul with love and gratitude, than to be able to report as lovely, beautiful, sublime, and Godlike a state of this portion of the moral world, as might be made of the physical. How lovely and noble this earth would be, if man were everywhere free, to stand forth erect, and to walk into it breathing God's free air; everywhere respected, and protected with the arm of love; and the hills and valleys were made vocal with the songs and praises of man, beasts, and birds? On the contrary, what a wreck of society we everywhere find! Man, enslaved, oppressed, hating, and hated by the beasts shrinking back into their lair, and the birds with swift wing flying away at his approach.

The selfish, bloody, and man-destroying foot-prints of Slavery, have everywhere preceded us among these mountain fastnesses, and pleasant valleys. The foul spirit of Slavery we have to encounter at every step we attempt to proceed. In public and private houses, in Church and State, among ecclesiastics, and politicians, in synagogues, Sunday schools, [illegible] go out, and when we come in, we have to meet this foe of human kind.

After crossing the Hudson, and planting my feet on its western bank, I proceeded to Cairo. Here I called on several individuals, who "once had a name to live," but were dead. They had organized an Anti-Slavery Society, bought a library, and for a time "ran well." What hindered them? Priests, sects, political demagogues, and parties! The sacrifice was too great for truth and humanity.

Dr. Cox like, they turned back, like the sow to her wallowing, and the dog to his vomit,—apostatized! Of all men, deliver me from apostates, their last state is worse than the first.

At Freehold, I was directed to a "Christian" minister from New-York, then residing in that place for a season, to whom I directed my course with a hasty step, inferring from the recent discussion and resolutions, passed by that order, I should find a friend in need. But to my great surprise and chagrin, I found a dandyish, soap-locked fellow, overflowing full of priestly hate toward Anti-Slavery, and a spirit of complacency toward Slavery, which was manifested as follows: "I'm as much opposed to Slavery as any man,—but—have no sympathy with the Garrisonian, or Liberty party Abolitionists, who denounce the slaveholder's representing them to be worse than adulterers, robbers, and murderers.—The place to preach Anti-Slavery was at the South, and the way was to go and treat them as men, and brethren, not go around picking up some isolated case of cruelty in the South, and hold that forth as characteristic of the system in general. If any one should go through New-York, selecting here and there a case of pauperism and cruelty, and go forth through the State, to make out that the people generally were cruel and oppressive, he would be one to kick him out. He did not claim to represent the 'Christian' denomination; for he was ashamed of its proceedings at its recent association in Massachusetts, in the resolutions it passed on Slavery and war.—Yes, I'm heartily ashamed of the speeches and resolutions of my brethren there; they reminded me more of the old Hartford Conventionists than anything else. They actually went further in their denunciations than Angel Michael, for he would not bring a railing accusation against the Devil." These were the words of Elder Fellows, from New-York city. Let his brethren remember it. [illegible] ed to a Baptist minister, who, to get rid of me, tried to hide himself under his religion; then under the plea, we had nothing to do with Slavery; then of politics; and finally attempted to sour out of my reach; "that Christ's kingdom was not of this world," and His Church had nothing, to do; but when he found the wings would not serve him, he turned me over to his trustees, like the Presbyterian minister in Cairo, who shut their doors upon me, in the face of humanity. In Durham, I found a resting-place for my weary spirit; before this I could say like him of old,—the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the friend of the slave hath not where to lay his head. Here we found a minister, and a little handful of friends who were trying to do something for the slave, though still connected with "the bulwark of Slavery," and unwittingly (they said) labouring to support a slaveholding compact and Union.

Here I held three meetings, with some happy effect I have reason to believe. Brother Lewis Hayden gladdened my heart by his arrival,—as a travelling companion and co-labourer the last evening.

Here we had a Connecticut *schoolmaster*, from Plainfield, the atmosphere of Canterbury, which he had copiously inhaled, who is on the road to the priesthood, to join issue with us, on Slavery, morals, and Christianity, &c. He was a little priest in embryo, with long face, groans, and despotism; talked much like a school-boy about logic and argument, but showed himself wofully lacking in both; and by his appeals to patriotism, he gathered quite a little mob about him, who pelted us with their senseless arguments. There are some pretty good friends here, among whom we scattered the unadulterated seed of Anti-Slavery, which if I err not, will bring forth good fruit.—In Big Hollow, we had a very pleasant little gathering. At Osborn ville, the Domine, a rank Colonizationist, had entered into a compromise with his people, to keep out the "exciting question," that he would refrain from advocating Colonization, if they would keep "their doors shut against receiving the poor into their houses." We found the doors all effectually closed against us. At Scienceville, the minister, by the name of Howland, acted more like an honest man; though holding on to his pro-slavery ecclesiastical relations, and wincing under our *faithful* wounds, still he honorably yielded to us the use of his meeting-house First Day afternoon and evening, when we cried aloud, and spared not, to show the people their transgressions, and the Church her sins; here we held several meetings, and left the place in a state of healthful agitation, we trust.

At Lexington, we found a few professed friends of the slave, who were in one of the twelve pro-slavery churches in this region. Liberty party like, they were afraid that if a meeting were appointed, they would get mobbed, as they always had been, and on the other hand, we should disturb their peace in their pro-slavery Zion. Their minister had recently been in the South, to attend the General Assembly at Richmond, and had come back beguiled afresh in the blood of Slavery. We found no stopping-place here. They had recently had a revival of religion, and some fifty added to their slaveholding Church. We were told by a deacon of this Church, that a new catechism had been introduced into their Sabbath School Library, published, if I mistake not, by the American Sabbath school Union, a portion of which he related to us substantially as follows:

QUESTION. Children, who was Onesimus?
ANSWER. Philemon's slave.
QUES. What did he do?
ANS. He stole, and then ran away.
QUES. Was Onesimus a good slave?
ANS. No: he was a bad slave.
QUES. What did St. Paul with Onesimus?
ANS. Sent him back to Philemon.
QUES. What are slaves that run away?
ANS. Disobedient and wicked.
QUES. What Did St. Paul tell them they should do?
ANS. "Be obedient unto their masters."

Incredible as this may appear to some, still why should it be thought at all incredible, when such great and leading teachers of theology as Stuart, Fisk, Hodge, Taylor, Tyler, et al some genr, are continually feeding those who enter the schools of these false prophets with such vile food, thereby preparing them to go forth to administer the same food to parents, guardians, Sunday school teachers, and scholars? The effects of such teachers and teachings, we every where behold in the sear, hoar, and effete Rank disbelism: it taints the whole nation. More anon.

Thine, truly, for God and Liberty,
E. D. HUDSON.

# The Anti-Slavery Standard

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1847.

### Wholesale Annexation.

The New-York Sun, after quoting a portion of our article in last week's paper in relation to its plan for the wholesale annexation of Mexico, and the second of the National Era to the same purpose, says:

The National Era, the w Liberty party organ at Washington," may have thought beyond its colleagues when the Standard's stamp in following the lead of the *New-York Sun*, but it has not unsuccessful the echo which the leading paper in the country has given to the general, the unanimous, the universal, to answer the declarations of European Monarchy to itself there, a boon and perpetual curse upon our side, which it will do the moment we have the opening. And we urged it too in the name of humanity, as the only way in which the Mexican people could be lifted up to a state of liberty, peace, and prosperity. The Press has rallied around us until the voice of the people is become almost unanimous in favor of occupation. We have advocated this measure from our sense of duty, and of its absolute necessity and not as the organ of any party or clique. We recognize no North, South, East nor West in questions involving the welfare of the country. We have battled for the good of the people and for the honour of the Union, whenever either would be advanced or was in danger. Sectionality and faction serving belong to such papers as the *Standard*, and if the "Northern Liberty party" are American in principle they will say *Amen*, to the "proposition of the Sun and its ally the Era"—or rather its thousand allies of the American Press.

Now we should like to have a plain answer from the Sun to one or two plain questions.

Do you advocate the annexation of Mexico to this nation in the hope, or in the expectation, that the Mexican States will come into the Union as fre e States?

In view of the present relation of the different sections of this Confederacy, and the original object in the conquest of a portion of Mexico, do you believe that the South would submit to the introduction of free States enough to add thirty-eight Senators, and eighty Representatives to Congress, and yet remain in the Union?

When the Sun answers these questions, it will be time enough to talk about "sectionality, and faction-serving." We can then better judge also of the character of that humanity which is to lift the people of Mexico up to such a sublime state of "liberty, peace, and prosperity."

The humane spirit, and enlarged views of the Sun, however, are not limited to Mexico. It has been recently advocating the annexation, by purchase, of Cuba also. It is by no means improbable that an effort to that end will be made by the party in power in the ensuing session of Congress, and in connexion with the issues avowed by the Sun, as one of its motives for advocating the annexation of Mexico—"to thwart the designs of European Monarchy." Spain is a creditor of Great Britain; and Lord George Bentinck has recently written a letter to the Spanish bond-holders in London, in which he points to the possession of Cuba as an ultimate means of effecting the debt of the mother-country. As the invasion of Mexico was justified by Mr. Polk in his message to the United States, that the government to cure, the United States ought not, in consistency, to complain if Great Britain adopts the republican method of enforcing payment. The United States, however, will not stand calmly by, and see the fertile and populous island of Cuba pass into the hands of a nation which will not suffer the existence of slavery in all her dominions. Our slaveholding Government will not brook another example of Emancipation so near the coast of its own slave States if it can help it. If any concession should be made to the Wilmot Proviso men, it will probably be with the provision that its operation shall be limited to States north of 36°. A new "compromise" may be made on this ground, and the way thus opened for the admission of Cuba, dragging after her the heavy chains of her slaves. The United States has once already prevented the abolition of Slavery in that island, and she can do it again, if occasion demands it, and at the same time secure to it the permanency of that Slavery.

But the Sun would cut the Gordian knot, in its wisdom, which diplomacy would hope to untie. It would purchase Cuba, as it would annex Mexico, and doubtless for the same reasons. It would make no compromise with Wilmot Proviso men. The better way is to grant them all they ask, and then cheat them. It is easily done. The South has played the game with the North ever since the Constitution was adopted, and will as long as it, or Slavery exists. Here is the Sun's plan, and in the light of it we may read something of the motives which prompt this new scheme of wholesale Mexican annexation. In a recent article it says:

"A territory may be non-slaveholding while a territory, and (expressly to foil such agitators as the Wilmot proviso men,) present Congress a non-slavery State Constitution. Once admitted as a State, however, whatever can forbid her to change her Constitution, and become a slave State? Suppose our own Empire State were disposed to restore, by a change of condition, and become a slave State, who shall say to her nay? Has the Federal Government the right to send an armed force here to free slaves? Has the New-York people the right to liberate within her borders? *Could* Congress dismiss her from the family of States for such lapse? The sovereignty of the States has no law but the real existence. It is right it may and must settle for itself the purely domestic question of Slavery, and Mr. Wilmot's proviso is but a useless mischief. If State sovereignty has not this power, than those clearly expressed in the Constitution—If Congress has a right to search out and impose new bonds at its own arbitrary pleasure, we shall think the dissolution of the Union a probable event. The Southern States will never submit to the supreme power undreamed of by the framers of the Federal compact. But all this Anti-Slavery territory agitation is the work of fools and fanatics; and the people will soon see that the most essential of it will be the most certain to be defeated. They have no firm holding ground anywhere, and are certain to encounter the organized hostility of all the Southern States."

We wish the Era joy of its new companionship.—We trust it will enlighten its readers as to its plan of cheating the slave-power, as effectually as its leader does when he boasts in its proposes to "head" the advocates of the Wilmot proviso.

### Popularity of the Era.

We have not been surprised at the popularity of the Liberty party organ at Washington, as it seemed a natural result of the course which that paper has seen fit to adopt; but we find a proof of it in one of our exchanges, which, we confess, is more than we looked for. We are forced by it to conclude that if the Era is looked upon by the people of the District as an Anti-Slavery paper, they are either the most forbearing, or the most thoroughly anti-slavery people in the country; or, if this be not the fact, then that the editor of that paper is not deemed by them to be an Abolitionist. We do not believe the first, and we think that the estimate that the people of Georgetown and Washington put upon the editor of the Era may be relied upon as perfectly just. *They* would be very sure to know it, if he exercised among them any Anti-Slavery influence, and would be at certain to esteem him accordingly.

At a public dinner given by the Faculty of the Catholic College at Georgetown, at which, it is said, the most distinguished citizens of Georgetown and Washington were present, the following was among the toasts:

"The Editor of the National Era.—The *motive power* of the great Washington Mass Meeting for the relief of Ireland,—the last but not least great work of America. It is indeed an 'Era' for Ireland."

Now we have no sort of objection to the drinking of any number of toasts to the editor of the Era, jumpers, and with three times three, by his slaveholding neighbours—except that being a teetotaller, we think all such bacchanalian orgies very wrong, and very foolish—but we shall continue to *toast* after our fashion, the paper which the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society sets up at Washington, under the auspices of Gerrit Smith, and inveigles some ten or twelve thousand honest Abolitionists into its support, that receives such commendation. If the Era presented to the South the anti-slavery side of the Northern face, it could never be thus popular among the citizens of Georgetown and Washington. We doubt if a faithful watchman at that post would be tolerated a moment; and we are sure that he would be hated and despised. It is folly to say that it is because of the wisdom with which the editor of the Era handles this subject that he if thus esteemed. It is because he does not handle it at all, except in a way that is entirely acceptable to slaveholders, who are not to be deceived by anything else. Who for a moment believes that a toast would be drunk in Boston to Francis Jackson, for his services in sending funds to Ireand? We have no doubt that he has been instrumental in sending more, as the contributions of Abolitionists, than the whole District of Columbia put together. It is because he is a man of the most saintliness of character; he never does or says harsh things; he is proverbial for his strict integrity; he is revered by his friends, and respected by every body; a man of weight on every subject; and every forward in all good works, and one of the marked men who are supposed not to be; in short, one of the most respectable, most honoured, and most benevolent men of Boston. And why would no such compliment be paid him at a public dinner, however much he might deserve it? Need we say, because, even in the estimation of his slavery is less obnoxious than irony other city in the Union, a man who is an Abolitionist is necessarily unpopular.

Surely there must be a radical difference between that Anti-Slavery which does not stand in the way of a toast to the owner of it from slaveholders, in the District of Columbia, and that which is pelted with stones and rotten eggs in the free States. We think it worth our while to warn the people against the spurious kind. It is putting new obstacles in the way of the Anti-Slavery cause.

### Anti-Slavery in Europe.

We find, in the Protestant, a letter from Paris which gives some interesting intelligence of the progress of the principles of freedom, and of the trembling monarchies of the old world," which are the never-failing theme of indignant declamation among the red-hot Democrats of this model republic.

The writer states that in the debate in the French Chambers, on the bills of M. Gaizot,—some account of which we published some time since—many of the speakers declared themselves in favour of complete emancipation; and that the bills, which aimed only at some mitigation of the condition of the slaves in the Colonies, and to secure greater impartiality in giving judgment in law between slaves and free persons, were accepted with the understanding that still further proceedings at some future time. He adds:

People, for a good while, have been busy on all hands preparing abolitionist petitions for next session. Many members of the Roman Catholic clergy take a strong interest in the matter, and some of them have brought it into the pulpit. They hope to obtain thousands of signatures among the priests, and to find a still greater number among the members of their communion. If the signatures which, this year, were above eleven thousand, could be much swollen for occasion, by the Catholic clergy, the cause of the blacks would be very nearly won. The Government itself, in order to enter into this measure, makes an offer to pay the debt of the mother-country. As the invasion of Mexico was justified by Mr. Polk in his message to the United States, that the government to cure, the United States ought not, in consistency, to complain if Great Britain adopts the republican method of enforcing payment. The United States, however, will not stand calmly by, and see the fertile and populous island of Cuba pass into the hands of a nation which will not suffer the existence of chattel Slavery in all her dominions. Our slaveholding Government will not brook another example of Emancipation so near the coast of its own slave States if it can help it. If any concession should be made to the Wilmot Proviso men, it will probably be with the provision that its operation shall be limited to States north of 36°. A new "compromise" may be made on this ground, and the way thus opened for the admission of Cuba, dragging after her the heavy chains of her slaves. The United States has once already prevented the abolition of Slavery in that Island, and she can do it again, if occasion demands it, and at the same time secure to it the permanency of that Slavery.

But the Sun would cut the Gordian knot, in its wisdom, which diplomacy would hope to untie. It would purchase Cuba, as it would annex Mexico, and doubtless for the same reasons. It would make no compromise with Wilmot Proviso men. The better way is to grant them all they ask, and then cheat them. It is easily done. The South has played the game with the North ever since the Constitution was adopted, and will as long as it, or Slavery exists. Here is the Sun's plan, and in the light of it we may read something of the motives which prompt this new scheme of wholesale Mexican annexation. In a recent article it says:

"A territory may be non-slaveholding while a territory, and (expressly to foil such agitators as the Wilmot proviso men,) present Congress a non-slavery State Constitution. Once admitted as a State, however, whatever can forbid her to change her Constitution, and become a slave State? Suppose our own Empire State were disposed to restore, by a change of condition, and become a slave State, who shall say to her nay? Has the Federal Government the right to send an armed force here to free slaves? Has the New-York people the right to liberate within her borders? *Could* Congress dismiss her from the family of States for such lapse? The sovereignty of the States has no law but the real existence. It is right it may and must settle for itself the purely domestic question of Slavery, and Mr. Wilmot's proviso is but a useless mischief. If State sovereignty has not this power, than those clearly expressed in the Constitution—If Congress has a right to search out and impose new bonds at its own arbitrary pleasure, we shall think the dissolution of the Union a probable event. The Southern States will never submit to the supreme power undreamed of by the framers of the Federal compact. But all this Anti-Slavery territory agitation is the work of fools and fanatics; and the people will soon see that the most essential of it will be the most certain to be defeated. They have no firm holding ground anywhere, and are certain to encounter the organized hostility of all the Southern States."

We wish the Era joy of its new companionship.—We trust it will enlighten its readers as to its plan of cheating the slave-power, as effectually as its leader does when he boasts in its proposes to "head" the advocates of the Wilmot proviso.

### Popularity of the Era.

We have not been surprised at the popularity of the Liberty party organ at Washington, as it seemed a natural result of the course which that paper has seen fit to adopt; but we find a proof of it in one of our exchanges, which, we confess, is more than we looked for. We are forced by it to conclude that if the Era is looked upon by the people of the District as an Anti-Slavery paper, they are either the most forbearing, or the most thoroughly anti-slavery people in the country; or, if this be not the fact, then that the editor of that paper is not deemed by them to be an Abolitionist. We do not believe the first, and we think that the estimate that the people of Georgetown and Washington put upon the editor of the Era may be relied upon as perfectly just. *They* would be very sure to know it, if he exercised among them any Anti-Slavery influence, and would be at certain to esteem him accordingly.

At a public dinner given by the Faculty of the Catholic College at Georgetown, at which, it is said, the most distinguished citizens of Georgetown and Washington were present, the following was among the toasts:

"The Editor of the National Era.—The *motive power* of the great Washington Mass Meeting for the relief of Ireland,—the last but not least great work of America. It is indeed an 'Era' for Ireland."

Now we have no sort of objection to the drinking of any number of toasts to the editor of the Era, jumpers, and with three times three, by his slaveholding neighbours—except that being a teetotaller, we think all such bacchanalian orgies very wrong, and very foolish—but we shall continue to *toast* after our fashion, the paper which the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society sets up at Washington, under the auspices of Gerrit Smith, and inveigles some ten or twelve thousand honest Abolitionists into its support, that receives such commendation. If the Era presented to the South the anti-slavery side of the Northern face, it could never be thus popular among the citizens of Georgetown and Washington. We doubt if a faithful watchman at that post would be tolerated a moment; and we are sure that he would be hated and despised. It is folly to say that it is because of the wisdom with which the editor of the Era handles this subject that he if thus esteemed. It is because he does not handle it at all, except in a way that is entirely acceptable to slaveholders, who are not to be deceived by anything else. Who for a moment believes that a toast would be drunk in Boston to Francis Jackson, for his services in sending funds to Ireand? We have no doubt that he has been instrumental in sending more, as the contributions of Abolitionists, than the whole District of Columbia put together. It is because he is a man of the most saintliness of character; he never does or says harsh things; he is proverbial for his strict integrity; he is revered by his friends, and respected by every body; a man of weight on every subject; and every forward in all good works, and one of the marked men who are supposed not to be; in short, one of the most respectable, most honoured, and most benevolent men of Boston. And why would no such compliment be paid him at a public dinner, however much he might deserve it? Need we say, because, even in the estimation of his slavery is less obnoxious than irony other city in the Union, a man who is an Abolitionist is necessarily unpopular.

Surely there must be a radical difference between that Anti-Slavery which does not stand in the way of a toast to the owner of it from slaveholders, in the District of Columbia, and that which is pelted with stones and rotten eggs in the free States. We think it worth our while to warn the people against the spurious kind. It is putting new obstacles in the way of the Anti-Slavery cause.

### Anti-Slavery in Europe.

We find, in the Protestant, a letter from Paris which gives some interesting intelligence of the progress of the principles of freedom, and of the trembling monarchies of the old world," which are the never-failing theme of indignant declamation among the red-hot Democrats of this model republic.

The writer states that in the debate in the French Chambers, on the bills of M. Gaizot,—some account of which we published some time since—many of the speakers declared themselves in favour of complete emancipation; and that the bills, which aimed only at some mitigation of the condition of the slaves in the Colonies, and to secure greater impartiality in giving judgment in law between slaves and free persons, were accepted with the understanding that still further proceedings at some future time. He adds:

People, for a good while, have been busy on all hands preparing abolitionist petitions for next session. Many members of the Roman Catholic clergy take a strong interest in the matter, and some of them have brought it into the pulpit. They hope to obtain thousands of signatures among the priests, and to find a still greater number among the members of their communion. If the signatures which, this year, were above eleven thousand, could be much swollen for occasion, by the Catholic clergy, the cause of the blacks would be very nearly won. The Government itself, in order to enter into this measure, makes an offer to pay the debt of the mother-country. As While it is faithful to the laws of Sunday signal Statement will fail in with it, we believe, not only without opposition, but even with favour. The first emancipation of the slaves would at once be the consummation of a great moral obligation, and of the honour of the Cabinet which should propose it. Independently of the institutions already existing for the abolition of Slavery at Paris, there is a Provincial Society of Correspondents, the object of which is to collect all desirable information auxiliary to the promotion of this good cause. Professor Schoelcher, who has been a most zealous worker in this cause, and certainly with which the Lord has enriched him, could not be more nobly employed.

A work commenced and carried on by the Church will be brought to a speedy termination. For this reason, if for no other, the abolition of Slavery will take place in the French Colonies before it does in this country. The writer, it will be seen in the following paragraph, is disposed to make out a case against Catholicism on the supposition that the Protestant countries of Europe will have emancipated their slaves, while the Catholic countries will have still remained in bondage. But he forgets the still more striking fact that Protestant and Republican America, where Catholicism exercises no influence upon public affairs, not only remains, excepting one, the largest slaveholding nation on the globe, but is at this moment invading a neighbouring Catholic State for the purpose of establishing chattel Slavery where it has been once abolished.

He thus speaks of the progress of Anti-Slavery in Sweden and Denmark:

For the rest, France is receiving, or is about to receive, the example of second rate powers, to which it is desirable that she be not blind. The Diet of Sweden, in concert with the States, has just decided on the emancipation of the blacks, in the Island of St. Bartholomew, the only possession belonging to Sweden in the West Indies. This Prince had previously announced, in 1844, the generous design which he now confers effective. The Legislative Body has placed in the disposal of Government, 50,000 francs ($9,375) annually, for the redemption of the five hundred and thirty-one slaves that are in St. Bartholomew.

It is known that Denmark is on the point of entering upon the same course with Sweden. "We know personally," says the editor of the *French Abolitionist*, in his last number, "that in Holland they are preparing similar measures with as much Governmental activity as ability." On this subject, there is one consideration which impresses me: If Denmark and Holland soon follow this example, and if Sweden, Belgium, and the Protestant countries of Europe will have freed their slaves, while the *Roman Catholic* countries, (France, Spain, and Portugal) will have kept theirs.

He closes with a more particular account than we have heretofore seen of the movement for emancipation among the Bohemians:

The Greek Church unites with the Protestant Church, to excite to jealousy that of Rome. They write from Bohemia that the Archbishop of Prague, in the General Assembly of Wallachia, in its session of the 23d, adopted a bill of great importance, and according to which, fourteen thousand families, the property of the United Brethren, the property of the State, of the regular and secular clergy, and of all public establishments, are set free. This very extensive act of philanthropy does the highest honour to the Hospodar, Prince Bibesco, who took the initiative in the matter. The Assembly of the province, who unanimously voted for it. After a discussion, in the course of which the noblest sentiments were expressed in favour of the emancipation of the inferior classes, on whom weighed the yoke of servitude, the Metropolitan, the head of the Church, notwithstanding the opposition which this bill encountered among the clergy, was the first to give his vote, while he made an address to the assembled boyers, to engage them to follow his example. There still remain, indeed, ten thousand families, about forty-eight thousand individuals, belonging to private persons, in the state of servitude.

The other articles of the bill adopted by the General Assembly, provide that the emancipated Bohemians shall only pay a personal tax of thirty-three piastres, ($2.25) which will be deposited in a separate treasury, and appropriated solely to the redemption of the Bohemian serfs belonging to private persons.

Next day, Prince Bibesco, the Hospodar, sanctioned the bill, and addressed a rescript to the General Assembly, expressing his satisfaction. He thanked the Metropolitan and the members of the Assembly, for having voted a law, which, said he, "the spirit of the age, and the progress of civilization, have long demanded. This session," added he, "will form an era in the annals of Wallachian history."

* * * * *

In the Journal of Commerce of a day or two since, we observe a paragraph confirming the assertion of the editor of the French Abolitionist, quoted by the correspondent of the Protestant. Though the Day of Jubilee for the slaves of the Danish West India Islands is postponed for twelve years, yet every friend of freedom will rejoice that the day is appointed. It is, however, by no means improbable that long before that time comes, the masters will proclaim emancipation of their own accord. If moved to do so by nothing but their own interest, that alone may compel them to choose between a free and contented peasantry, and discontented slaves always ing anxiously the day of their enfranchisement. We quote the paragraph from the Journal of Commerce:

IMPORTANT ABOLITION MOVEMENT.—Letters received here by the Caledonia from unquestionable sources, announce that on the 28th of July last, the King of Denmark issued a decree that all persons who should thereafter be born in his dominions, should be FREE; and that all persons in existence, and remaining so on the 28th of July, 1859, shall then be absolutely free, without compensation to the owners.

In the negotiation with the colonists which preceded the issuing of this decree, he offered them the alternative of three years' work by compensation of 50 per head for each slave, or twelve years without any compensation, and they chose the latter.

Denmark has three small islands in the West Indies, viz: St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. Johns. St. Croix contains about thirty thousand slaves. St. Thomas and St. John about five thousand more.

### Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia.

The reader will not need to have his attention called to the article in another column from the Louisville Examiner. The Examiner, we are sure, must be exercising a strong influence among the slaveholders of the South. The appeals it makes in almost every number, are such as to convince their understanding; and at the same time, the moral sense of both slaveholders and nonslaveholders is never lost sight of by the editors as the motive-power of action. We should rejoice to be assured that this paper is receiving efficient support from the North. It is, we believe, the most important and most efficient instrumentality now acting directly upon the minds of the Southern people.

### The Next Presidency—Nomination of Henry Clay.

Mr Clay, we have no doubt, will be the candidate of the Whigs for the Presidency at the ensuing election. The New York Tribune—the best print we know of to lay a finger on for a knowledge of the state of popular feeling—came out a few days since with an article, pointing its party very clearly to Ashland again for a leader. We have no conjecture to hazard as to what bush the other party will beat up, to start some uncurried scrub to run against the Whig nominee, but there need be no fear of their being at a loss. If Mr. Clay would emancipate his slaves, and declare himself in favour of the Wilmot Proviso, *and say nothing else*, we have no doubt he would be the next President. But as he will not probably think our opinion worth his minding, we doubt his election. General Taylor has lost his chance by talking. A candidate for the Chief Magistracy should possess neither of the natural gifts of reading and writing. John P. Hale will, very likely, be the candidate of the voting Abolitionists: we do not mean the Liberty party, for that, like the Princess of Hungarymagor, in the play, is "definet and dead," and nobody can say by without being a member of Liberty League, for that is the abortion of a monster, that has not, and never will have, healthy life enough to hope to leave its cradle—but the voters of all parties who will not support slaveholders, or parties pledged to the slave power. As a looker on, we expect to see some strange things within the next two years.

TRYING IT ON.—Mr. Quincy in the Liberator, in reply to some suggestion of a correspondent, says that he "never fights with scavengers," whereupon Mr. Ellery Channing, in the Herald of Freedom, [illegible] calling him names! There is nothing like a proper appreciation of one's own merits.

### To Correspondents.

S. B. We are not sure that we can do anything. We have not yet found the first hour to devote to it.

F. D. He has been out of town since your letter was received, but it shall be attended to, the moment he returns.

C. N. We are obliged to him for his valuable communication, but are obliged to defer it a week for want of room.

R. D. W. will have received another letter which acquits us more fully of any blame in the matter. If he will comply with our request, he may be sure of being relieved of any difficulty on that score in future.

A correspondent (R.) sends us a communication commenting upon the Inquirer letter of Dr. Dewey, which we have not room, and because of the article which has been anticipated in the two articles which have already appeared, in reply to Dr. Dewey, in the Standard. It brings us intelligence, however, of a movement, which we have not heard of from any other source. We give the paragraph, with the comment of our correspondent:

"There is a move in some persons in Washington, (D. C.) to get an Anti-Slavery Congregational Church under way in that city. This is really encouraging. But where is the minister to come from? For according to Dr. Dewey, they will not be able to get any respectable man to preach for them. In case they cannot, then the people must preach for themselves, and pay the salaries they have been heretofore paying for the minister's divine service, into humanity's service; and I have no doubt quite as much good will be done in that case. As soon as the ministers see the loaves and fishes going another way, they will *rally* if for nothing else but to save their bacon."

D. R. He shall be supplied at the first opportunity.

J. C. H. We are obliged to him for the suggestion.

An esteemed correspondent at Goshen, in connection with the following facts, suggests that lecturers be sent there. We commend the suggestion to the consideration of the General Agent for this State. The Eastern counties have always been neglected. Our correspondent says:

"This is my first visit here, and I had not been here six hours before I saw two fights among the colored people: the first between two men, and the second between a mother and daughter, and both in the most public place. The white people looked on and amused themselves. I spoke my mind to them very freely saying that I thought they were more to blame than the colored people; in the first place, on account of their prejudice, and not educating them; and in the second for countenancing them in their wickedness."

W. E. B. The suggestion is a good one, and shall have proper consideration.

### Notes on New Books.

*The Organization of Labour and Association. By Math. Briancourt. Translated by Francis George Shaw.*—New-York: Wm. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings.

This little book is written in a very attractive style, and in a narrative form, though really without a story. The destruction of a village by fire gives occasion for conversations, and speeches in town-meeting, and lectures to the people, in which, first, Anarchical Labour is pointed out as clearly the cause of the suffering, and social evils, everywhere existent; secondly, the advantages of Organized Industry are set forth in the most attractive form as the cure of all these evils; and lastly the proposition that man is created for Association is argued at length, and with great ingenuity, to complete the plan of social re-organization, and the true destiny of man.

We hope this work may have a wide circulation. The Associationists could not make a better use of their funds, than to scatter it everywhere among the people. As a common-sense and practical view of the subject of the organization of Labour, it cannot fail to commend to all who are not under a careful consideration of some practicable method of social reform. It may seem paradoxical, but it is certainly true, that society suffers under the crushing weight of evils which it does not recognize, because the possibility of a better social organization is not thought of. It recognizes, however, the consequences of those evils in a thousand ways. Briancourt traces these consequences to their causes, and proposes a remedy.

We are not, that we know of, a Fourierite, as we have not yet found time for the forty years' study, which Mr. Brisbane says is necessary for the comprehension of that philosophy.

But of the necessity of social reform, and a better Organization of Labour, and of the wisdom of Association, we need to be convinced. If we did, this book would. We need to be convinced. If we did, this book would, we think, make a convert of us. The subject is presented in such a way, as would, one would suppose, carry conviction, and disarm prejudice, in the minds of the most inveterate advocates of the present system of society. We investigate the beauty of the new plan by many leading tours, and on limited scales, which will be, we think, the natural growth of Association.

*Christian Examiner for September.* Wm. Crosby, Boston: Francis & Co.: New York.

The times are so full of signs and omens, to be read of all men, that we can hardly note them all as they pass. The September number of the Examiner is a most cheering one. We never come reporting at the changed, and even improving tone of the political press, and the still higher and higher positions to which political parties have been taken by its clear and fearless exposition of the best minds among the country, and the progressive views of the Unitarians—clergy and laity—of New England. We record the fact as a most striking proof of the growth of Anti Slavery truth. Mr. Adams, rightly as we think, and have always contended, considers what is called the religious question, as of the most consequence in the advocacy of the cause of emancipation. And, he says; "However doubtful the question (of Slavery) may be, when considered solely in its social and political aspects, it would seem as if there could be among persons professing the smallest regard for religion but one opinion as to the course which should be taken in the field of moral duty, and the momentous responsibility from a morals, and the momentous responsibility from a refusal to pursue it." In reference to the well known declaration of Mr. Barnes, he says: "It will not do to avert our eyes from the issue which is now distinctly presented to us by a part of the Church itself. Is the holding of slaves an offence against right? If we decide in the affirmative, then are we bound to do the very thing which Mr. Barnes has denounced not as releasing us from all further participation in the guilt. To stand still is impossible. For it must be obvious that to say that the Church sanctions and upholds wrong, knowing it to be such, is a charge most fatal to its usefulness. To say it justly is to seal the condemnation of its ministers." And he adds a most unquestionable result of the carrying out of those principles: "If it could once be proved to the satisfaction of the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and Christian women who may be found thickly spread over the region of the slaveholding States, that they are guilty of a moral wrong in continuing to hold human beings as slaves, [illegible] they can release themselves from it, we are well convinced that no human power is strong enough to put off the day of emancipation." This, as we take it, is *Comeouterism* in its most offensive form,—the anti Churchism which has been at the root of the American Anti Slavery Society as its worst sin. Mr. Adams has struck a good blow for the cause, and so long as he deals such we will not stop to question the propriety of the application of the term Christian to slaveholders, or to quarrel with his philosophy of exposing the sin without denouncing the sinner. We are sure he will do the one, if he faithfully does the other.

We notice among other good articles, a beautiful tribute to the late Dr. Peabody, of Springfield, by the Rev. John Weiss; a sketch of the life of John Calvin; a favourable notice of Mr. Prescott's Conquest of Peru; and a somewhat amusing controversy between Dr. Noyes and a Reviewer,—the Reviewer, Dr. Foulke,—in which the critic with most admirable good breeding exhorts the author that he means to do no such thing, while he proves him to have been guilty of literary plagiarism.

*The Farmer's Library and Journal for September.*—"The Book of the Farm" still occupies that portion of this excellent work called the Library; Cows, Calving, and Calves, Ploughing, Sewing, Spring Wheat, and Grass Lands, are general directions for spring work are its contents. The Journal is, as usual, full of interest and value. Much of it is devoted to a Journal at the South, which, without any such intention on the part of the author, exposes the want of thrift, intelligence, and good husbandry, in a lead blessed beyond most others with natural advantages, but blighted by the curse of Slavery. We were struck with one instance of it, mentioned by the journalist. He visited the town of New Market, in Virginia, a beautifully situated village, in a valley surrounded by mountains. The town consists of a quarter of a mile of thickly set two story houses on each side of a dusty turnpike, but without a tree in it. Imagination, in excuse of this painful want of shade, the traveller was told that a tree was interdicted by law for fear, in case of fire, that the trees might catch and spread the flame! We venture to say that a similar instance of stupidity and barbarism could not be found in any civilized country, out of a slave State.

The second lecture of Professor Johnson, of Gay's Hospital, on Botany in reference to agriculture, is given in this number. Among the choice articles, we notice one from the (London) Farmers' Magazine, on the nutritive qualities of brend now in use. The writer, from his own experiments, and those of Professor Johnston, of the Edinburgh Society, comes to the conclusion that bread from fine flour as food. Cleansing the bold part of the human body under three heads—oil, mucilage, and bone, he arrives by actual analysis to this result that a "thousand pounds of the three substances contain of oil, three several ingredients the proportions "of 354 lbs. in whole meal, to 210 of fine flour." The fact is worth a year's price of the Library and Journal to any good housekeeper.

### This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: A Fine Old Ballad. *Miscellany*: Toussaint (continued); John Critchley Prince; Slaveholding Christianity.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery*: Douglass, Garrison, and S. S. Foster, on the Reserve: Abolitionism and Treason; Perfume of a Bad Quality; Letter from Mr. Abolitionism; Ultra Abolitionists. *Selections*: Jamaica very Society; The Liberator, &c.; An Important Question! New Moves! East Tennessee! Western Virginia.

SECOND PAGE.—*Communications*: Letter from Dr. Hudson.

Letter from Frederick Douglass.

NO. III.

*The Western Tour.—State of feeling in Ohio.—Anti-slavery Meeting.—The Fair.—Meetings in various places.*

AUSTINBURG, September, 1847.

The infernal system of Slavery is receiving a powerful shock in the West. The enthusiasm of our friends is unequalled. I am informed, on all hands, that meetings now being held,

my society while under their roofs, and who out here are not backward in demanding their rights.

Yours, F. D.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

### From our Dublin Correspondent.

*The Sea—Sad want of romance in the writer.—Prefers dirty lanes to dirty sea-sickness.—What he would do if he were in a rich as the Queen.—Proof of his strong sickness.—Singular fact with regard to English servants, in their superiority in self-knowledge.—Mrs. Houlett's Memoir of H. C. Wright.—Captivating qualities of H. C. W.—Remarkable insight of children and fools.—A Southcottian.—Our correspondent proves himself one.—Prefers live curiosities to dead ones.—His good luck in seeing a great bully and a great scoundrel the same day.—The way the Queen beholed the gude folk of Glasgow.—Pious but vain wish of our correspondent.—Obsequies of O'Connell.—The Catholic Priesthood.—What they are to O'Connell.—The Repeal.—Departure of H. C. Wright.—What he is.—Conjectures as to what he will be in a fortnight.—John Bull in Liverpool.—Effects of beef and ale.—Concludes with a tempting invitation and kind advice.*

LIVERPOOL, August 18th, 1847.

MY DEAR GAY:—One fine day while on my way from Dublin to Kingstown, when we came in sight of the sea, I heard a fellow-traveller on the railway say to his little son, "There, Johnny, is the sea, the say, the open say!" For my part, poets and young ladies may rave as they please about the sea, with their feet on the fender—but I don't think the "wathers wide," "dash blue sea," or the "rolling billows," or the "foaming ocean," ever look half so beautiful as from the sea-shore. Terra firma for me. Nothing like having your feet on the firm ground. Last night was very calm, I must admit—hardly a breath of wind—but still when we approached Holyhead, there was an ugly swell that made me here myself. Put the feelings of self-abasement and misanthropy that are generated by that hateful heaving—a very horror comes over you, not of fear, but of disgust. A deceased friend of mine—poor George Downes—peace be with his ashes!—well said, speaking of his feelings at sea:—

Then comes a longing for green hills and dales,
And trees, and rivulets, and blooming vales,
And the green twilight of the shady glen.

I am not half so particular. I would prefer the dirtiest cont in Dublin—Fordham's alley, or Fumbully's Lane—to the saloon of her gracious Majesty's most particular yacht, engaged as it is at present, in conveying her on her pleasure trips to the Scottish Highlands. There is no disputing about tastes. If I were as rich as the Queen, and lived in London, I would certainly go to Scotland by land—in a first class carriage.

I write from Brown's Temperance Hotel. We landed at five o'clock this morning—and the people have not come down stairs yet. Henry C. Wright is here. He starts to-morrow, and I crossed this vasty brine to shake his hand once more—a heroic proof of my devoted friendship, you will say, after all I have written above. Not a doubt of it.

When I entered this house, I asked "Boots," who let me in, whether Henry Wright was here. He said he was not sure. You hardly ever know one of the poorer class of English anse of anything, except that he knows nothing. When you ask one of them a question, the reply is almost certain to be, "I don't know, I'm sure." If I were to ask one of them where the sun is at noon, I would not be greatly surprised if he replied :—"I don't know, I'm sure." Well, Boots walked off to make inquiry, and soon returning with the number of Howitt's Journal for last Saturday, containing a continuation of Mary Howitt's forthcoming memoir of Henry C. Wright, with a portrait of the Hero, he asked me, "Is this the work of H. C. Wright?" and so I sat down and read the biography. Mary Howitt's hand, as Johnson said of Goldsmith's, graces everything she touches; and accordingly she will be sure to dish up a very pretty memoir of the sturdy old non-resistant. But in this case, everything will not depend, as sometimes happens, on the skill of the biographer. The materials are deeply interesting, and I can't help feeling a little huffed when I find how many fine things he might have told us of himself, within the last few years, which I have now learned for the first time, through the kindness of Mary Howitt. The likeness is very good—a little sterner than I expected, though in justice to the engraver, it must be admitted that H. C. W. looks much more awful than he is. I never knew his equal for captivating the affections of children. I know another very distinguished philanthropist, who boasts of his fascinations when he wishes to put what Paddy calls his "asome hether" upon sea. Cats and children are, doubtless, both good judges of a man's humanity, and I would estimate very humbly the religion or good nature of one who was generally an object of terror to a baby or a kitten.

Have you ever heard of Joanna Southcote—an illiterate enthusiast, who, about the beginning of this century drew a great many after her, and, amongst others, some men distinguished for learning and respectability? She announced herself as the mother of an expected Shelob, and wrote many wild rambling books, full of rigmarole and bad grammar. I think she died eventually of dropsy, and her followers dwindled away to a very small number. There are, however, a few left, and one of them I met in the room at this present writing. He is dressed in a blue coat, cut in Quaker fashion, and wears a long and venerable white beard. He tells us their body is very small; that in Ashton-under-Tyne, where they most abounded, the number is but eighty. Their distinguishing doctrine is the expectation of the speedy second coming of Christ—a comfortable creed for those who have "large hope," and are seasoned against the wear and tear of frequent disappointments. As I have a small hump of hopefulness, and am not justified in tracing my ancestry to the man of Uz, I do n't mean to join the Southcotians.

I like to meet these queer samples of humanity now and then—a hundred times more interesting than old coins, old books, or stuffed tigers. Don't you think so? For my part, I had rather see the Pope than the Colosseum, or Wordsworth than all the mountains he has "married to immortal verse." I was always fond of seeing lions—I don't mean merely the lions in the Tower of London, (where there are none any longer) but human lions. The first time I visited London, some twenty years ago, I thought myself very lucky to seeing in the streets on one day, at the same time, Tom Crib, the great boxer, celebrated by Moore in some of his satires, and Lord Castlereagh, at that time virtual Prime Minister of England, and one of the most atrocious wretches that Ireland ever produced. A reign of political terror prevailed in the Three Kingdoms in his time, and chiefly through his instrumentality. Overwhelmed by public cares, and probably by the weight of public odium, he put an end to his existence only a short time after I saw him.

H. C. Wright returned here yesterday from Scotland, after paying a very short farewell visit. I have already made some allusion to a journey that the Queen and Prince Albert are just now making in great pomp to Scotland. Henry tells me, that on Monday; the day before he left Glasgow, half Scotland poured forth upon the Clyde, to witness the arrival of the royal fleet, and to feast their longing eyes with the sight of their gracious Queen. As much as $20 was paid by some, and no less than $2 by the rest of those who were so happy as to secure a place on board the steamboats, which, to the number of perhaps one hundred and fifty, and containing probably fifty thousand people, lined the splendid estuary of the Clyde on both sides. Well, the end of the whole matter was vanity and vexation of spirit; the Queen never came, and the fifty thousand starers had to go back, chop-fallen, dishearten ed, disappointed, with sorrowful countenances, with one hundred thousand fleas in their ears. Why did they put their trust in princes? Oh! dear Gay, if you and I had only all the money those canny Scots threw away that blessed day to their soul's sore discomfiture! But there is no use in talking. We are in duty bound to believe that we have as much as is to be had in this world, and that an state is so safe as that of honest poverty.

Nothing particular has occurred in Ireland—(barring a few agrarian murders,) since I wrote to you last, except the funeral of O'Connell, and the general election for members of Parliament. As to the funeral, it was a great, but not a very showy procession. The tradesmen with their banners, which were to have made up the greater part of the show, were not there in large numbers. I suspect they preferred seeing the sight to forming a part of it. The gentry, who have a high opinion of himself who thinks it important that he should be seen by the ten thousand units who make up a great procession. There was the triumphal-car, a gaudy affair, covered with black, in which O'Connell was seated when he made his final entry into Dublin, after leaving Richmond Bridewell, three short years ago. The hearse, which was elegant and tasteful, was preceded and followed by a vast number of the Catholic priesthood, on foot and in carriages. I never saw, nor I presume has any one else ever before seen, so large a number of this body together in Ireland. Amongst them, were the R. C. Archbishop of Dublin, and many of the Bishops.... Well might they do all honour to O'Connell, the main object of whose life it was to extend their power, and confirm their religious and political influence. In this last purpose he has been eminently successful. There is now no power in Ireland to be compared with that of the priesthood. If it be well for a country to lie prostrate before a hierarchy, Ireland is a blessed country, and we may all encourage the warmest hopes for her true glory and prosperity. But as I am one of those strange folks who think it well for any thing for any man, any number of men, or any nation, to be other people to do their thinking for them, I am not sanguine as to the results of the impending Irish theocracy. I remember when the stethescope first came into fashion, it was described by a wag, as an instrument with which the operator blew dust into a patient's eyes, in order that he might pick the victim's pockets. The Pope evidently has not a high opinion of Government monopolized by the clergy, for the new assembly that he has nominated to assist him in the government of his dominions, consists, I understand, entirely of laymen. It was believed by many, in the last year of O'Connell's reign, that he merely used the threat of Repeal as a screw to extort further concessions to Ireland from the Imperial Government; and his menaces undoubtedly restrained, rather than stimulated the enthusiasm of the people for repeal. This opinion has been confirmed by the result of the recent elections. The number of members pledged to repeal is much greater now than at any former time. The priests and the people have had their own way, unrestrained by the hand of their powerful leader. There can be no doubt that nine-tenths of Catholic Ireland look forward to this measure, rather than to any efforts, industry, or preservation of their property, as the means for all their evils—which is to put food in their stomachs, clothes on their backs, and money in their pockets. When we "get back the repale," I wonder what neat butterfly we shall next pursue. In the British Parliament, a man has little chance of being heard, unless he comes recommended by his wealth, his talents, or his parliamentary respectability or social position. Many of our new repeal members dispense with all their adventitious advantages, and will enter the House of Commons armed alone with the majestic panoply of virtue. A subscription of £5 to Conciliation Hall, a profession of flaming patriotism, a loud brogue, and a true Irish heart—these, I understand, are made within the last few weeks members of Parliament of many, who, six months ago, no more hoped

"The applause of listening Senates to command
And read their history in a nation's eyes,"

than you or I do. And so the world goes round.

Since the above was penned, I have been with H. C. Wright to the Exchange, to hear the Cambria from Caledonia. We helped him to carry his traps, and had an opportunity of seeing the Panzatory in which he is to be stowed for the next fortnight. What an amount of industry every one of those little herths has witnessed. If we had only a bridge or a tunnel to the Caledonia in a few days, the passage looks so clean, so compact, and so tidy. Nevertheless, I pity poor Henry, extremely. When every other consolation fails him, he will be certain of my hearty sympathy. He is a fine, portly, priestly-looking man now; how much of him will remain when he arrives at Boston, I cannot guess. Probably he will be like Mary Howitt, somebody describes Powerscourt Waterfall to be—more like a skein of white thread than a cataract. Speaking of size, I, who am just arrived from Ireland, am amazed at the size of the men, and the number of men of size I meet in the streets of Liverpool—the exact prototypes of the Anglo-Saxon friends we used John Bull, tall and burly, red-faced, and a tremendous way round. What a quantity of strong meat and strong drinkit must take to make up such a man! It would take more to give one of these creatures an ordinary day's feeding, than many an Irish household can look to for a week's sustenance. Come and see them, and then you will wonder and see no. You will be amazed by the contrast. Only, I beg of you, for your own sake, find out some remedy for sea-sickness first.—

Yours ever truly,

RICH. D. WEBB.

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

### Foreign.

**Five Days Later from Europe.**

The Caledonia arrived at Boston since our last issue, bringing five days later intelligence. The political news by her is unimportant. The pressure in the money market in England, continues and increases, and many heavy failures have taken place. The prices of grain were declining. The provision market was firm and steadily declining.

### General Items.

*The Fugitive Slave Case.*—The trial of this case was continued at Lisbon on Friday last, and given to the jury on the following day. The evidence for the prosecution was such as to identify Prof. Adams as one of those concerned in the rescue. A number of others named in the indictment were also identified, and the testimony rendered showed the excitement among the negroes of a high state of excitement, and of a strong predetermination to rescue the slaves at all hazards. The fact that the fugitives were slaves in the service and property of the late Chief Justice, were sworn to by Gen. Hollingsworth, by whom they were recognized.

The defence on the part of Mr. McClintock contended and addressed evidence that he had in no way countenanced or upheld the rioters, and that all his efforts tended to defeat the criminal and illegal investigation of the case of the slaves claimed. The counsel reproved in severe terms the bad spirit which had led many to criticise proper terms the bad spirit which had led many to criticise proper terms the bad spirit which had led many to criticise proper

## Poetry.

### A FINE OLD BALLAD.

The following old street ballad, one of the popular salient elans of songs, commemorating the Glut of Food-Nature and Philosophy with Fortune, is from the famous collection of Roxburghe Ballads, of which some specimens have just been printed in a luxurious edition, by the antiquarian, Collier:

RAGGED, AND TORNE, AND TRUE.

I am a poore man, God knowes,
and all my neighbours can tell,
I want both money and clothes,
and yet I live wondrous well;
I have a contented mind,
and a heart to beare out all,
Though fortune (perhaps unkind)
hath given me substance small.
Then hang up sorrow and care,
it never shall make me rue;
What though my backe goes bare,
*I me ragged, and torne, and true.*

I scorn to live by the shift,
or by nay sinister dealing;
He flatter no man for a gift,
nor will I get money by stealing:
Be he ne knight of the post,
to sell my soule for a bribe,
Though all my fortunes be crossed,
yet I scorn the cheaters tribe.
Then hang up sorrow and care,
it never shall make me rue;
What though my cloake be tired-bare,
*I me ragged, and torne, and true.*

A boote of Spanish leather,
I have seene set fast in the stockes,
Exposed to wind and weather,
and foul reproach and mocks,
While I in my poor ragges
can passe at liberty stille:
O, fie on these brawling fogges,
when money is gotten so ill!
O, fie on these pilfering knaves!
I scorn to be of that crue,
They steale to make themselves brave;
*I me ragged, and torne, and true.*

I have seen a gallant go by,
With all his wealth on his backe,
He looked as lofily
as one that did nothing lacke;
And yet he hath no meanes
but what he gets by the sword,
Which he con-umes on queenes,
for it thrives not, take my word.
O, fie on those high-way thieves!
the gallows will be their doe:
Though my doublet be rent 'n it's sleeves,
*I me ragged, and torne, and true.*

Some do themselves maintaine
with playing at cards and dice:
O, fie on such lawless geine
got by such wicked vice!
They co-zen poor country-men,
with their delusions vilde,
Yet it happens now and then
that they are themselves beguilde;
For if they be caught in a snare
the pillory claimes its doe;
Though my jerkin be worne and bare,
*I me ragged, and torne, and true.*

I have seene some gallants brave
up Holborne ride in a cart,
Which sight much sorrow gave
to every tender heart:
Then have I said to my selfe,
what a pity is it for this,
That any man for pelfe,
should do such a foule amisse.
O, fie on deceit and theft!
it makes men at the last rue;
Though I have but little left,
*I me ragged, and torne, and true.*

The pickpocketa in a throng,
at a market or a faire,
Will try whose purse is strong,
that they may the money share;
But if they are caught i' th' action,
they are carried away in disgrace,
Either to the House of Correction,
or else to a worser place.
O, fie on these pilfering thieves!
the gallows will be their doe:
Whilt need I sue for reprecves?
*I me ragged, and torne, and true.*

The hostler, to maintaine
himself with money in 's purse,
Approves the proverbe true,
and says, Gramercy horse:
He robs the travelling beast,
that cannot divulge his ill;
He eteales a whole handfull at least
from every half peck he should fill.
O, fie on these *snozening* scabs,
that rob the poore jades of their due!
I scorn all thieves and drabs,
*I me ragged, and torne, and true.*

'Tis good to be honest and just,
though a man be never so poore;
False dealers are still in mistrust,
th' are afraid of the officers doore:
Their conscience doth them acuse,
and they quake at the noise of a bush,
While he that doth no man abuse
for the law needs not care a rush.
Then well fare the man that can say,
I pay every man his due:
Although I go poore in array,
*I me ragged, and torne, and true.*

## Miscellany.

### TOUSSAINT:
### AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

*From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mundt.*

CHAPTER IV. [CONTINUED.]

At the door of the inner room, he was received by Mars-Plaisir, the faithful servant, who looked solemnly earnest, and was arrayed in a rich livery, laced with gold. Sergeant Mars was in the mourning mood, like statues, with drawn swords, at their posts; and in a low whisper, the valet said that he would announce to the Commander-in-Chief, the arrival of the Colonel.

Mars-Plaisir vanished, and in a moment reappeared again, but only to make way for Toussaint himself, who entered, in the rich uniform of a French General. Behind him, came his Secretary, Pascal, and the Abbé Martinet, General Christophe, his aid-de-camps, whose repulsive features expressed a strange triumph, an English officer in a red coat, several aids, and finally, the Abbé de la Haye, in his clerical vestments.

Toussaint's eye shone with all that penetrating fire which gave him such an irresistible power.—He threw a glance upon Vincent, as if he would read in the soul of this old friend, whether he knew all, and then raised his head, with an air of vexation, and wounded pride, when he saw Vincent's features so rigidly cold, and his eye so accusing in its look. It was with all the authority of the superior officer, that he approached Vincent, and said: "I am this moment, Colonel Vincent, about to take possession of the Mole St. Nicholas. You will attend me. I will hear what you bring, afterwards." And with this, he passed Vincent, and the next moment thundered forth the shouts of the multitude outside, who, as the Commander-in-Chief appeared, threw themselves before him on the earth, and raised their hands adoringly towards him.

The uproar seemed endless. Toussaint, upon his noble charger, sprang towards the lines of the soldiers, his large, brilliant suite, heightening the effect. Many regiments of the blacks were there still without suitable clothing, an apron about the loins was nearly all; their weapons rested upon their naked shoulders, but they looked like the men first introduced! Into these wild troops of the desert, the arts of war had been burot in with bloody severity. Every one of them knew that he must be instantly shot down any one who ventured to betray the slightest disobedience. One saw the lines move with flashing weapons, and effect in the military evolutions rapidly and safely. Thus they surrounded the eminence of the Mole. The sea spread out its immeasurable expanse, sun-bright, the European fleet in the harbour unfolded their banners and flags, and streamers, the large ships showed the open throats of their fire-abysses, the thunders of which saluted the black hero, the insurgent, before whom the invincible fortress opened itself. From all the walls, and fortifications, fire-arms poured forth their salutes. Crowds of people rushed shouting along, to get a sight of the man, to whom England's proud flag was bowed, and even those arrogant islanders, who pronounce sentence upon the whole world, in their vain-glorious contempt, could not escape the feeling of admiration which the old slave awakened.—Proudly sate he upon his proud horse, that seemed like a sensitive, sympathizing being, to share in the glory of his rider. The animal passed on with a single pride, his glossy, black skin glancing in the sunlight, and dropping the flakes of foam. The ironists expanded, his wild eyes casting fiery glances round, and the golden bit jingling with his teeth in proud exuberance of life. And on his back sate the imperial rider, with that singularly animated countenance, in full consciousness of the day, in heavenmounting dreams, the thought of which lends ecstasy at his heart, and whose intoxicating influence he controlled as easily as the fire of his spirited beast. The keys were now brought to him; he received them from the Commandant, with a polite and winning speech, as a present from a brave foe: then the English General, Maitland, approached at the head of his splendid staff, and the French Commander-in-Chief leaped from his horse, and both Generals embraced; the officers of both armies following this example of peace and friendship, hands were shaken, expressions of politeness and high esteem were exchanged, and their admiration arose as the black army marched in, moving in perfect order, taking possession of the great central square, while from all posts and outlets, the English retired towards the harbour, and to ships. All the ammunitories and arsenals were thrown open, but all empty; all the artillery was removed to the ships, and the last bodies of the English were still moving towards the harbour, to secure the last remains of this military wealth. Well had Hedouville complained that this capitulation had been disgraceful to the Republic. Time of a place of such a land bond, and the gathering point of all the plunder, the great ammunition-house, and place of retreat of the hereditary enemies of France, had gained nothing but the bare walls. And Vincent felt, too, the truth of this reproach; he felt fully the jealousy of the two contending powers, and the eagerness to get possession of this navy fortress, had deprived the mother-country of great advantages.

On the high bastion, near the sea, in the cool shade of trees, a large tent had been preserved, adorned with flags and colours, and hither led General Maitland, the new masters of the Mole, for whom he had prepared a splendid entertainment. Dr. Harvey thither, they passed the beautiful new mansion of the Governor, which had been erected at a great cost. It looked freely out over the entire harbour, portion of the walls, the harbour, the moving sea, from which the forest of masts arose. It had been lately, and expensively, decorated. London had furnished with it many of its most splendid pieces of magnificence, and Toussaint's eye rested with delighted surprise on this instance of the solid splendour of old England. "Generous!" said Maitland, with a smile. which, perhaps, was to be referred to the surprise of the negro, that inspired new hopes, "this house was the property of Great Britain, in the name of the same, I transfer it to you, as a small proof of the reverence which my country feels for the great man, who illustrates his people, and his age."

Toussaint appeared for a moment to feel the impropriety of such a gift, the acceptance of which, in the eyes of France, and all republicans, would be charged upon him as a crime. Polverel, Santonax, and the men of the Convention, would have rejected such an offer with disdain; or, perhaps, have penetrated the secret design of rendering him suspicious by the acceptance of rich presents, and bring him nearer to his bold resolutions. But he hastened to suppress his thanks, and while he glanced round the circle of his officers, in a vehement speech to declare that it was his wish, and duty, to live in peace with great nations, the first on the earth, in a firm alliance.

Maitland fell in with this wish, but while he let Toussaint through the rooms, he lingered in the last, where the harbour and sea were presented in full view before them. They were alone, and the English General pointed out of the window towards *the water.* "General," said he, "like those waves there, so fickle is France, and the French character; like the ocean, the element, so does the people of France swallow treasure in it. It will tolerate nothing great, and is ablest men sink down, like the agitated ocean, to common level, as soon as the first storm is over. We are reproached with being too English, and not enough men; but the Frenchman knows only himself. What thanks have you hitherto had, General, for your immortal deeds? They have calumniated you, they see in you only the negro, who arrogantly dares to command here; they tolerate you, but as a tool, because they want you otherwise; but they make unceasing attempts to drive you back into the obscurity from which you sprang."

"I know it," replied Toussaint, smiling. "I know all, General, my eye nothing escapes; it is folly, it is nothing. Domingo is a child with a strength that will not bear every one." "Not people like Hedouville," said the Englishman, quietly, "who come here, and have only words. Here is a letter, General, it has fallen into our hands, and it is worth your while to read it. See there what the Agent of the Directory writes."

Toussaint suppressed the emotion which flashed from his eyes. With affected contempt, he snatched at the open letter. It was addressed to the Director, Barras, and was full of the usual recriminations, and complaints against the Commander-in-Chief, whose schemes were, it said, evidently tending to the exercise of unlimited power and the fair means or foul, to the disruption of St. Domingo from France. Hedouville confessed that he was wholly useless in a land, where no one considered him, where his commands were disregarded, as everything was done to annihilate his authority.—

Toussaint read it through with an air of satisfaction; and once more, his features full of the most contemptuous